- Poems

- Brian Edwards

Will the house
of mirrors
last forever
will the money
printing machines
last forever
will the
golden idols
we allowed
to be brought
into existence
last forever
what do
they say
about it
in the castle
of the harlequins

***

- 7/15/2026

Like an oil slick
upon water
time itself
remains formless
to my perceptions
the very boundaries
of time change
with each
passing moment
when it is
desired by fate
time delivers me
from the Sun
I wander
in a valley
of rusted cars
I search
for a place
unknown to us
where mystery
is the rule
of the day
a place
of questions
a place
where answers
change direction
when winds
of the east (FIX)
I experience
discovery
and revelation

***

- 7/16/2026

Sometimes
while waiting
for the epiphany
I experience
the exact opposite
sometimes
I mean to go out
and watch
the Sunset
but I
get it backwards
sometimes
I forget
the only song
I ever knew
by heart
sometimes
I discover
the start
of something
only when
it's over
sometimes
I dream
of galleons
sailing
into the mist
of a philosopher
climbing
a high mountain
in search
of the answer

***

- 7/16/2026

The world
ever changes
and mice
scurry about
in the night
and some dreams
are shattered
before
the break
of dawn
and the pawns
continue on
being pawns
and the radios
play the music
of a better time

***

- 7/16/2026

The night winds
howl
someplace north
of the equator
and I've always
loved the sound
I always find it
rather nice
though I suppose
the field mice
probably
don't much care
for the strong gust
of howling
night air

***

- 7/17/2026

Here tonight
I'm having
a splendid time
drinking
so much
of Andromeda's wine
drinking away
the hours
smelling the flowers
under
a starry sky
hoping one day
to fly
up to
the liquor store
upon the Moon

***

- 7/17/2026

Silence
is truth
and truth
is silence
and someday
silence
will be
the only truth
that you know
on and on
infinitum

***

- 7/18/2026

I am lost
in the cornstalks
where
the flies buzz
the world
ceaselessly
sabotaging me
alas that I might
pluck a star
from the heavens

***

- 7/18/2026

Trying to
climb higher
than the Sun
cast down
like Icarus
just for fun
someday
I'll give it
another try
some will
ask why
I'll simply
tell them
a crafty lie

***

- 7/18/2026

Let's go follow
the northern Sun
let's wander
through
a valley
of tin cans
it only
makes sense
if you've
given up
on being sensible
go beyond
the shadow
with me
we'll erase time
banish time
we'll live
in exile
we'll have
pet tarantulas
we'll sleep
outside
under the
supernova
we will craft
our ideologies
into a black hole
and I know
we'll be
more than
a little tempted
ourselves
to dance across
the event horizon

***

- 7/18/2026

I have seen
the light
and the
light itself
has seen
the light
friends
neighbors
ancient Romans
we have all
seen the light
on Ithaca
with Odysseus
on the throne
they have seen
the light
the light has
been reported seen
at the temple
of Artemis
the light
has been seen there
and in many fjords
and upon
many islands
far up in
the North Sea
the light
has been seen
the truth
has been seen
a vision
of tomorrow
has been seen

***

- 7/19/2026

Dance with I
dance with I
dance with I
in the sky
of the pie
the field
and the moat
the falcon
and the goat
dance with I
again and again
may our thoughts
be of Zen
may we acquire
a nice
feather pen
dance with I
we'll behold
omens in the sky
the sky
of the pie
the falcon's gaze
the orchid
of the maze

***

- 7/19/2026

Muses
and mind readers
inspiration
sometimes burns
like a fire
like a burning tire
or a fried wire
tomorrow
I need
to put air
in my car's tires
while the muses sing
and play the lyre

***

- 7/20/2026

And so these are
the days
of wine
and minotaurs
stampeding through
those little villages
along
the merchant's road
to struggle
through
one's life
to struggle
to gain
any good thing
at all
lost in a matter
of mere moments
and so these are
the days of wine

***

- 7/21/2026

Yes I have known
the light side
of darkness
and the darker side
of darkness
I have spoken
with muses
beyond the threshold
of time itself
I have seen worlds
of a future time
when we
all knew each other
in fellowship
I have seen
days of spring rain
and days
of winter snow
and ever onward
we will go
and bring
our curiosity
to places
we couldn't
even imagine
not that long ago

***

- 7/17/2026

The Moon's glow
is such a show
to know
it makes one know
a little bit
of a true light
absent
of the artificial
and the vain
all of this
is the same
as it was
in Socrate's time

***

- 7/18/2026

Alas I found
a muse
that I feel
is worthy
of my devotion
there's never
any commotion
there's just some
good old
inspiration
lovely as a daisy
in a rain
of ashes

***

- 7/18/2026

I move slowly
for I have not
the energy
this morning
to move quickly
I waste
some measure
of time
in the wasteland
of time
I carry within me
a storm of thoughts
I did not
wish it so
yet it is so
yet what you wish
doesn't mean shit
to the gods
of fate
most often

***

- 7/20/2026

I have sought out
the windstorm
many times
figuring
it would find me
eventually
better to
confront it
on my own terms
of my own
choosing
the windstorms
teach me
many lessons
about the world
how forces
in motion
may gain momentum
how they
may make it
difficult
for one
who only seeks
serenity
while wandering about

***

- 7/20/2026

The night
smelled of diesel
and not
of roses
streetlights
glowed
like candles
across the city
though I was asleep
in a dream
very deep
one I won't
even remember
when my
little corner
of the world
is facing the Sun
once again

***

- 7/20/2026

I cast words
to the wind
they will join
with the wind
they will
become wind
I speak words
that are of wind
yet to be
freer than
I've ever been
my words will be

***

- 7/20/2026

Such a timeline
I could not
foresee
how could anyone
who didn't
live atop
a tree
golden dreams
sometimes
don't go very far
the gold is heavy
the soul
may be corrupted
and tar pits
are an ever
present danger
such is life
in the world

***

- 7/20/2026

Waiting
to hear
the bell
so that I
may know
the way
to journey
into
the heavy fog

***

- 7/21/2026

Looking upon
the Moon
I ponder
all my mind
can think about
to ponder
and someday
the comet
will return
a candle
will burn
and an old owl
in a tree
will know
the answer

***

- 7/21/2026

Moonlight
tall grass
a meadow
a lark
witty comments
get you nowhere
in this day
time is fog
gravity
was never
an oasis
truth is an abyss
wrapped
in a void
some have seen
how it all ends
let's forget
the story
for awhile
lets have
some wine
and feel fine
for as long
as we can
the smog
of our cities
we breathe it
we own it
destiny
can sometimes
be found
down in
the meadow
in the Moonlight

***

- 7/22/2026

Can you see
my words
are perhaps
not so ethereal now
cold truth
and cold reality
have made me become
a bitter man
these days
I look upon
snakes
with admiration
I can see
vast deserts
in their
merciless eyes
and I don't whistle
the same tune now
the coldness
of this reality
has made me
a bitter man
I believe
and so I grasp
for straws
and so
I'm looking for
an escape hatch
to escape
all that has
turned me into
this bitter man

***

- 7/22/2026

Getting ready
to go back into
the modern day storm
when and where
it's raining venom
it seems so quiet
and peaceful now
after just
waking up
yet there's
a storm approaching
out there
a storm
of electricity
a storm
of commerce
a storm
of ideology
a storm that makes
many of us
go insane
yet that is
the nature
of the beast
in these times

***

- 7/23/2026

When can
I know
the Universe again
when will they not
give a shit
about me knowing
the Universe again
my methods
were not
their most
ideal methods
yet if
a thing works
it works
who wants
to argue about
methods anyway
one must
wander out into
the desert
of the deadly Sun
and the scorpion
to behold
the most beautiful
mirage
of them all

***

- 7/23/2026

The toads
of the morning
and the
stained glass windows
of Valhalla
these are
my two epiphanies
here on
this lovely
Thursday morning
here in New Jersey
I went to
the Pine Barrens
last weekend
it was good
I watched
the Sunrise
the flies
ate me alive
a little
yet I am
more than willing
to be a feast
to the flies
in order to
watch the Sun rising
over
the Pine Barrens

***

- 7/23/2026

I move about
in a city
of salt
thy name
be a stone sacrifice
to the gods
of the storm
take me out
of this equation
I wish
to forget
many things
I've been
caught up
in the machinery
of the grind
for far
too long
it doesn't take
a genius
to recognize
societal decay
what happened
to the Sunlight
we once felt
and knew
was it only ever
just an illusion
was it only ever
that unique
kind of fog
that clings
to the mind

***

- 7/23/2026

Eternity
stole my wine
and my cigarettes
now I have
nothing left
to hold
within myself
as a hopeful
understanding
of Occam's Razor

***

- 7/23/2026

The metallic bones
of a world
I once knew
before my eyes
a horizon
of rusted
crossbeams
I know that I
surmised
far too many times
I contemplated
the grapes
and the bats
of the night
with a whimper
or with a fight
out candle
your light
is of a beauty
we can
no longer endure

***

- 7/23/2026

The hour
finds me
waiting
and wanting
to laugh again
so be it
and let fly
the crows
of an absurd tale
from the days
of Ahab's whale

***

- 7/23/2026

Those were
better days
when you felt
the prick
of the thorn
when you noticed
a drop or two
of blood
when you
could feel
the vulnerability
of the flesh
when you perceived
the fatal nature
of the Sun
when you could feel
the vibrant pulse
of the Universe
and you knew
that life
was happening
right there
right then

***

- 7/23/2026

The tall grass sways
in an
afternoon breeze
and I find myself
too far away
from Belize
too far away
to find such joy
in the breeze

***

- 7/23/2026

Far out into
the Pines
at night
I've astral projected
on more than
a few occasions
of all places
to go
that is my favorite
my soul feels
a connection there
in the silence
and the remoteness
I find a measure
of tranquility
I could forget
the rest of
the world
out there
and someday
I will

***

- 7/23/2026

I follow
the dove
into the cove
of medallions
chains are broken
as are rules
in times
of lunar epiphany
I shall seek
a philosophy
or conceive
my own
born out of
isolation
all else
would be
mere glitter
and illusion
so much has been
hollowed out
already
you can
feel it out there
our atmosphere
is becoming
as a tomb

***

- 7/23/2026

When you first
discover
that your reality
is not
the true one
memories like that
can stay with you
awhile
acceptance
is a bitter pill
yet the world
breathes bitter pills
into existence
on a daily basis
the fog of time
can be
a sanctuary
if you wish it
to be
tomorrow
let us admire
the roses
in the garden
as we must
seek beauty
to survive
in all the memories

***

- 7/23/2026

I dance
without
a clue
I wander
without
a shoe
I feel remorse
much regret
and fear
yet I know
that in
the end
I'll just have
some beer

***

- 7/23/2026

Sleeping
as new idols
are made
we were
too complacent
now we're up
shit's creek
in the shade
laughing
and singing
all that
seems so
long ago
now we're
moving on
towards
the illusion
of a radiant
summer
so lets go
let's go
to the nihilist
carnival
for awhile

***

- 7/23/2026

The sensible thing
would be
to do the thing
that's sensible
thus it is decreed
as bees pollinate
the flowers
of Earth
so we awaken
to a world
of complexity
seek us
find us
receive us well
these things
do something
remind me
of Dante's Hell
when there's
so much
ice around here
it is the year
of the teardrops
and glistening
waves

***

-7/24/2026

Give me
your silence
give me
your venom
give me
your forgetting
all about me
so go
the tides
of this life

***

- 7/24/2026

Collide
with the Moon
when you fly
on a broom
the portals
are open
we're going
through
we'll have
our last dance
and make it
worth a flower
we know
we have some
power
when we
unite the banners
let's give it time
let's let the wine
work its magic
how the
dead-end job
is so often tragic
I've got
some ability
to remember
our ancestral stars

***

- 7/24/2026

Every day
the news
grows more sour
I regret
waking up
within only
an hour
and now
I must go
and play
the part
that I must
for if I don't
I might lose
the revenue service's
trust
bureaucratic agencies
follow me around
yet I slip
between worlds
where most
cannot follow
so I'll never be
truly found
and so
the sparrow sings
and the roads
are busy once more
you may find
me again
tomorrow
if you're willing
to step through
the cosmic door

***

- 7/24/2026

They smashed
it up good
the society
we had made
they wished
to become
vampires
of fiat vanity
they tried
to make
this seem
like this is
the thing to be
they wanted
us all to believe
that money
fell like leaves
from a tree
in the Autumn wind
yet cosmic forces
guide us towards
the truth
of the matter
what is true
and what is not
the stars
will eventually
align to bring us
revelation

***

- 7/24/2026

Sailing out
into
the open sea
of time
sometimes
we head for
places
we don't belong
this world
was never perfect
so I feel the buzz
of creativity
so I feel the buzz
of imagination
so I wander
about the nation
in these times
where are all
the prophets at
are we losing
our sense
of purpose
what can we
believe
from the
computer screens
has an old
cycle of history
returned to us
will I be able
to escape it
in the open sea
of time

***

- 7/24/2026

Sucked in
by the storm
why'd you let it
get into
your very soul
now's the hour
when we need
to remember the Sun
light scorches
the darkness
all the time
bring it into
a clearer view
I knew you
back before
the storm
I know
this ain't the norm
all we're
dealing with now
the jackals
fed amphetamines
dreams colliding
with
commodified void
I know you
better than
the serpents do
bring me
to a place
I can hear
the mystical violin

***

- 7/24/2026

Tomorrow
gotta work
gotta dig
the canal
for some jerk
there's nothing
to show
when there's
nothing to show
and I don't
even know
what I never
could know
so take
a loose dream
and tie it
to a windmill
a few tulips
may scream
in protest
yet damn
them all
tomorrow
I've got to
dig the canal

***

- 7/24/2026

Living upon
an insanity planet
if my words
do not seem
truthful
you did not
receive them
correctly
or maybe you did
so there you are

***

- 7/24/2026

Doves of
the metal wire
and the stained glass
window
of an emerald
epiphany
garden of the
melted weathervane
someone seems
to have
thought up
a scheme
most sly

***

- 7/25/2026

In their fancy suits
blessed by
the serpent's tongue
they tell us
the lie
for they still feel
they must
yet someday
they won't bother
to lie
they won't feel
like they have to
anymore
when feudalism
is back in style
like it was
in 1399

***

- 7/25/2026

Insomnia
and cigarettes
dreams of
a beautiful toil
no more
the stars
are out
those distant
atomic infernos
shining
so lovely
tonight
insomnia
and cigarettes
too many
of my thoughts
escaped
and got away
from me now
on the third day
look to the east
and you'll be
shown the way

***

- 7/25/2026

It's oblivion's turn
the worm
is found
though I repeat
the sonnets
they'll all burn
like Vesuvius
it's dinner time
a feast of tears
what has
happened to us
all these
jaded years
what brings
me light
may bring you
a disease
don't think
of snow cones
in the
tropical breeze
never mind
for I knew it all
back when
never mind
I'll pick up
the lantern
and keep
searching for
the Zen

***

- 7/25/2026

Bring me
a smoke
and a feather to
fill my chalice
with such
a lovely time
fill my chalice
with memories
of the summer
of 1994
bring me
a timepiece
bring me
a wishbone
I'm just here
all alone
here the orchids
have made
themselves
into cathedrals
like back in
the summer
of 1994

***

- 7/25/2026

Babylon
peaking through
the scarlet
window
dust of our dust
what a city
of dreams
has been made
yet here we are
at the edge
of an abyss
mortality's kiss
was always
the same
and dire was
the warning
through all
the acid rain
the blame now
reflected
back at us
in a mirror
of vanity

***

- 7/26/2026

Toads
and Valkyries
we ponder
this day
here on
a gondola
in Venice
we are open
to suggestions
before we reach
the wider bay
flag thieves
and graffiti
nihilist
point the way

***

- 7/26/2026

If only
the ancient
garden
be thine
and the wine
and the salt
and the
brimstone
I sleep no more
my insomnia
has become
such a bore
staring at walls
all through
the night

***

- 7/26/2026

Something
like a little bit
of Valhalla's rain
falls down
upon the field
something
a little bit
like El Dorado's
golden flame
we do not
distain
the papyrus
scrolls
we read them
in our coliseums
we make
mental notes
about their
potential
philosophical
implications

***

- 7/26/2026

Show me again
the way
to the palace
of Zen
high upon
a mountaintop
above the clouds
show me
the way
that I may stay
where eternal wisdom
glows from
an eternal lantern
high up there
above the clouds
looking down
upon the sleeping
village below
what do
we truly know
as time
dreams its dreams
from one
point of view
to another
it's all up there
on the mountaintops

***

- 7/26/2026

Swing a sword
in the light
bake some bread
as Hieronymus Bosch
scenes
come to life
outside the window
don't forget
to be registered
for something
important
the meadowlark's
alive
I'm taking things
in stride
I know how
it's been
I know about
the gulags
and the dens
of sin
call me forth
under the
ancient elm tree
bake some bread
bake some bread
tell a machine
your inner thoughts
it may
remember you
for a million years

***

- 7/26/2026

Can't sleep
it's the middle
of the night
this tooth
is bothering
me again
the fright
of tooth decay
and today
was also
a paranoid day
what makes them
wish to stay
and look
and listen
surveillance
is for the canaries
anyway
I'll pay no mind
I'll sacrifice it all
for a new
shiny dime
my words
carried through
the telephone lines
the city now sleeps
as do the dragons

***

- 7/25/2026

Knowing
the omens
knowing
the hour
I must be on
my way
knowing
these crows
see further ahead
than I
the trapdoors
of destiny
the tarpits
the quicksand
what I could
never find
may be
found again
when the chosen
hour arrives
I know I
will have to
reconsider
what I thought
could never be
so much has
proven me wrong
now I must learn
and remember
this new song

***

- 7/27/2026

I already know
that tomorrow
will be
a reflection
of today
the mirror
of my perception
is cracked
yet that is
the way
tomorrow
I'll give the grind
its toll
in the essence
of life
the hours
the moments
when I could be
in a field
of tulips
in Holland
somewhere
near a windmill
yet I am
not there
and I won't be
there tomorrow
and there are
no windmills
around here
nor tulips either

***

- 7/27/2026

Each day
is a journey
through
the inferno
of madness
I realize now
how it is
the brainwashed
become brainwashed
become brainwashed
taking
the long way
down life's road
has its share
of revelations
and I look at
the crows
as they
look at me
the radios try
and make us
forget
with a song
and then
the brainwashing
continues
for an hour
sometimes two
sometimes more
and we'll
wake up
in the morning
very confused
about
our true place
in the order
of things

***

- 7/27/2026

In the dark forest
I saw the witches
holding
their lanterns
their lanterns
aglow
in the dark forest
just as
the last traces
of twilight
this twilight
were fading
from the world
I saw the witches
about their work
contemplating such
immortal things
if I could testify
I would
yet they always
choose
not to hear me
in the last
trace of twilight
garden
of dark sky
and the
faintest stars
in the dark forest
in the dark forest
we all
find ourselves
eventually

***

- 7/28/2026

I'm bringing
all these illusions
to the surface
let them dance
upon the wind
before me
only the
resilient ones
shall remain
I'll never see
these old haunts
again
I'm moving on
never looking
behind me
the land of nowhere
lies back there
the land
of somewhere
lies ahead
first star
of the morning glow
that'll be
my destination
we need not always
chain ourselves
to a place in time
we'll set sail
and make way
for the shores
of eternal dreaming

***

- 7/28/2026

So I go
this day
into the catacomb
of hours
drained
of their essence
working
in the grind
that transforms
my time
to dust
so I go
as the machinery
of it all
out there
accelerates
its momentum
we look upon
familiar places
without recognizing
ourselves
like moths
drawn to
a burning
oil well
and so it goes on
as horizons end
and do not
seem to continue
and so it goes on
as scorpions
and leeches
gather strength
and organize
themselves
into legions

***

- 7/28/2026

So it was
the music
found me
longing
for tranquility
weary
from a day
at the job
weary from
the mundane
routine
weary from
the decline
of civilization
weary from
the same
bad news
every day
weary from
the rise
in misfortune
weary from
the hourglass
taking forever
to run out
so it was
when the music
found me

***

- 7/28/2026

A few moments
of peace
in a time
of insanity
that's all
I seek
and I search
for it
and I take it
when I can
while I can
for someday
perhaps soon
there might
only be
the insanity

***

- 7/28/2026

Holding on
to some
hopeful idealism
is like
moving against
a strong current
sometimes
if you
let go of it
you'll be
swept away
you might be
swept away
anyway
yet at least
you didn't
let go of it

***

- 7/28/2026

Counting
the days
until I go
into the maze
of the beyond
counting
the days while
the pillars
are toppled
when the
golden idols
have returned
it's never
a good sign

***

- 7/28/2026

Psychic turbulence
flowing
in the mind
cauldrons
of red wine
that'll help you
unwind
live in a tree
if it suits
your needs
be a collector
of bee stings
passage
to another
dimension
isn't always free
counterfeit coins
are plentiful
the currency
is debased
the perpetrators
left no trace
go run
in tomorrow's race
win the prize
of forgetting
the truth

***

- 7/28/2026

Going back
to the altar
of money and time
I've got to
offer up
another day
of my life
to the god
of the nine
to five
they take
my day
and extract
whatever
they feel
is of use to them
then I'm cast
aside
trying to find
my own way
when there is
something missing
inside of me
now they want
some more
so it goes on
as tonight
the rains fall
the lightning
flashes
and the thunder
roars
so it goes on
I'll escape
into a dream
for at least
a little while
and pretend

***

- 7/29/2026

Many songs
I once knew
now are forgotten
and so much
that was begotten
ended up
being rotten
and the jackals
of irony
laugh
in the Moonlight

***

- 7/29/2026

A foul wind
befouls
the evening scene
losing myself
in jagged
contemplation
that seem
like nihilism
the stars
are out
yet do not
seem very
bright tonight
the night
is not looking
for our
appreciation
it never has
and a couple
of dogs
bark at
each other
off in
the distance

***

- 7/29/2026

Touched by
the flaming orchid
just as
I was learning
the truth
about
a world
of mirrors
a dawn
of candelabras
is what awaits
those that seek
a path of vision

***

- 7/29/2026

The winds
have shifted
we all know it
we all feel it
we all recognize
the change
we all realize
there's no
denying
the change
anymore
so pick
your pleasure
and pick
your poison
bring a lantern
with you
for a heavy fog
lies ahead
as eternal palaces
appear
in the clouds
as the birds sing
the melodies
of Atlantis

***

- 7/30/2026

The world
brings me
to one of
its notorious edges
damn these edges
and their
notoriety
I am half-asleep
when awake
half beyond
the threshold
of the Alpha Quadrant
before noon
I sing and dance
in a parallel
Universe
and it's not
really me

***

- 7/29/2026

What do
you think
this is
silenced by
a fall from grace
our truest words
cast into
the sea
gardens
of misconception
surround us
an omen
and a sanctuary
walk with me
to the place
where doves remain
think of time
the hourglass
can be most
impartial
the hourglass
can be solace
it can also be
destiny's messenger

***

- 7/30/2026

It is time for
the carnival
of fools
very soon
it will always
be the time
and the fools
will say
it is the time
for the carnival
of us

***

- 7/30/2026

Watching
a cloud
collide
with a mountain
listening to
the Druid-like
chant
of the grind
as it starts up
grinding
for the day
make the bread
you need
to pay
for insurance
the grind
has large fangs
and exist
out in the middle
of the desert
of wherever
you are at this
very moment

***

- 7/30/2026

Where the idealism
fades out
like a candle
where moths
see the light
and then die
in the light
where artificial
truth
bends like
a prism
where crocodiles
make speeches
in the wind
where so many
memories
are fed
to the pyre
where ventriloquist
ascend
the corporate
ladder
where the idealism
fades out
where an hourglass
creates
a river of sand
that goes on
into a sea
of morning haze

***

- 7/31/2026

The witching hour
in a town
of desolation
though not
in architecture
that's as
abundant
and lively
as the Paris Expo
of eighteen
something
a journey
that began
so long ago
in the tall grass
of grey sky
afternoons
an old
melody maker
with his
music box
down by
the ravine

***

- 7/31/2026

Spanish Moss
blowing
in the wind
they took us
down a road
of calamity
many felt despair
yet some
could sense
the future
in the air
sometimes
long journeys
end quickly
sometimes
we get handed
a raw deal
some will do
whatever
they can
to feel
the living pulse
again

***

- 8/1/2026

I behold
a material island
in a dreamlike sky
I knew
it was time
for resolution
in this morning
of the
sparrow's singing
opening up
the door
to the azure
immensity
I see pine trees
upon mountains
in the distance
as many visions
of tomorrow
have already
found us
today
as we can see
that one way
is brighter
than another
upon this
material island
in the sky
will I at last
find a place
amidst
the sea of time

***

- 8/1/2026

The fools know
what they are doing
as time
cast me down
upon the rocks
of a rough
awakening
the salt
the sea
the sea serpents
I wish to be
back there
this day
yet I am not
I am here
in my
small apartment
listening
to symphonies
never composed
emerging
from the walls
bright days
are lovely
this one
is not so bright
and some
out there
are drinking beer
this very moment
the enlightened ones
who can sense
foul omens
in the wind

***

- 8/2/2026

I entered
the world
of poesy
back when
I was fifteen
a long time ago
it was
a different
world then
it's a different
world now
somethings
changed
for the better
many things
did not
and through
the years
I would always
pick up
the pen eventually
empty out
my mind
onto paper
most of the time
it didn't
make any sense
scribbling
of mad visions
I could see
with my
imagination
deserts
of the Moon
twilights
of the
jeweled stars
what it all meant
I didn't know
yet through
the world of poesy
I knew
I must go

***

- 8/2/2026

Trying
to wake up
in the fog
of the times
each night
that I pass through
I carry
some bit
of its essence
around with me
I am someone
who is full
of the essence
of the night
it sometimes
complicates
things for me
in the
daylight hours
yet in the end
it doesn't
matter much
something
within my soul
is always
pulling me back
to the
Valley of the Moon

***

- 8/2/2026

I know
tranquility
is out there
hidden from me
yet I know
it's out there
in the desert
at twilight
that I see often
when I close
my eyes
in a quiet moment

***

- 8/2/2026

I've become
quite familiar
with that music
of the serpents
the songs
of the birds
has its charm
yet there's
something about
the music
of the serpents
that took
hold of me
and lured me
into a state
of mind
that is
simply accepting
of all
the mystery

***

- 8/2/2026

You are
my ocean
I am lost
in your storm
I am
a shipwreck now
the mariners
have charted me
as a navigational
hazard
to be remembered
yet always
avoided

***

- 8/2/2026